

A BRIEF
CHARACTER
OF
Ireland,

With some Observations
of the CUSTOMS, &c. of
the manner sort of the Na-
tural Inhabitants of this
KINGDOM.

— Non scria Sempit.

LONDON, Nov. 16. 1692.

LONDON,

Printed for W. C. and are to be
Sold by R. Taylor, 1692.

CHARACTER

OF

THE



RECEIVED NOV. 18. 1892.

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~~It is not of course to be~~
~~considered as the~~
~~most happy Objects. That I~~
~~have not done this out of~~
~~private Pique will be granted~~
Courteous Reader,

This flighty Sketch of a
Neighbouring Nation
I have presented to you,
may to Strangers appear like a
Piece of mere Grottesco, an
extravagant mixture of Reality
and Fiction, or Truth and Fa-
ble: But such as have resided
amongst, and conversed with
them, do allow it bears so near
resemblance with the Original,
that they have acknowledg'd it
to be exact in all its Features
and Symmetry. I might, in-
deed, have bestowed my Pains
on a much Nobler Subject, but
the Figures and Postures of
Owls, or Apes may sometimes

be as diverting to the Eye, if
Naturally represented, as the
more stately Objects. That I
have not done this out of any
private Pique must be granted,
since 'tis known this Task was
commanded. And if I can by
any be convinc'd that I have in
the least particular injur'd them,
I shall be ready at any time to
confess my Error, and give them
a Satisfaction as Publick, as
the Mistake and Sin hereby com-
mitted. Adieu.

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then I need it bear. I hear
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A Brief
CHARACTER
OF
IRELAND.

OR,
Some Observations on
that Country, and its meaner
Inhabitants, the Teagues.

IRELAND (at present the
Land of Ire, or Heavens Wrath)
hath little in it, now, of God's
Blessing, and never had very much
of the *warm Sun*. It seems in the
opinion of some, to be part of the
refuse of the Globe of the Earth at
the *Creation*, and that when the rest
of *Europe* was compleated and po-

petually weeping over it, or the
Clouds dropping Spunges,

It pours so fast and oft, 'tis too
well known,

The Clouds are there not troubled
with the Stone.

And then for the often Gusts of
Wind, it may well be reck'ned as
Nature's Bellows, but for this, they
may perhaps have reason to thank
the Bantamites, who sowing so
much Pepper yearly in the East-
Indies in the Bowels of our Grand-
mother Earth, it must needs cause
her to break Wind backwards in
these Western Parts, where she eases
her self of the Collick: what ad-
vantage they reap by it I know not,
but the old Proverb says, *It's an ill
Wind blows no Good.*

Says one, It is a Frippery for
Bankrupts or the Grand Hospital
for such as are troubled with a Con-
sumption in their Estate and Credit.

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But whatever it were formerly, there is small hopes now that Strangers should be there cured of such desperate Diseases, since the whole Country may well pass for a Map of general Misery and Poverty, the Natives and Inhabitants being most of them the lively Portraiture of the Prodigal Lad in his most Swinish Condition; so that it were no less difficult now to get into an Estate there (unless by the Conquering Sword) than to get out of one of their deepest Bogs, when one is sinking, and can neither help ones self out; nor persuade Teague to assist, unless St. Patrick does prompt him in a most special manner.

Yet is the Soil in many Parts fat, and liking (as Dunghils are) and were it well husbanded, would yield a plentiful Encrease; but what thorow Laziness, and want of Industry, (I speak of the meer Irish, to whom the whole Character relates)

lars) and their innate Pride, and Self-conceitedness, which makes them disdain to be taught by Foreigners, they do so little Improve their Lands, that unless it be themselves, nothing to an Ingenious Eye can be a sadder Spectacle.

Inclosures are very rare amongst them, and those no better fenced than an Old Midwife's toothless Gums, or those Parts of Northamptonshire, where the Hedges were grubbed up by the rebellious Rout of the Commoners.

Much of their Land is reserved for Grazing and Pasturage; and there, indeed, the Grass being very sweet, and holding a constant verdure, it is in many places so indented with Purling Brooks and Streams, that their Meadows look like a new Green Carpet border'd or fringed with the purest Silver: yet Hay is a Rarity amongst them, and would cost them more pains than they can well afford, towards

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the making of it, therefore they seldom or never trouble their heads or hands about it. And then for their *Arable Ground*, it lies most commonly as much neglected and unmanured as the sandy *Deserts* of *Arabia*, or a ranting Young Gallant's Old Bed-ridden Spouse. And, not to particularize every Circumstance, their National Custom of *Ploughing*, by tying their wooden Harness to the *Horses-Tail*, and that other senseless Improvidence of *burning* their *Oats* to save the Labour of *Thrashing*, are two such very remarkable Proofs of their *Husbandry*, that it would be needless to describe it further: So that whatever the Country be, they are a wild Herd of brute Animals inhabiting, but not improving, it.

This Sloath and carelessness is judged to be one reason why all sorts of *Grain* and *Fruits* are of a less and more degenerate growth, than in other well *Cultivated* and
Impro-

Improved Countries (which is also noted in most of their *Vegetables* and *Animals*, *Women* and *Grey-bounds* only excepted) the Corn seldom shoots up to that aspiring height upon its Spindle, as may be seen elsewhere, nor does it attain so full and weighty an Ear as to make it bend down to kiss its Mother's bosom; but grows so dwarfish, thin, and full of Weeds, that it resembles the *Field* in the *Parable*, which the *Evil One* sowed with *Tares*.

To which may be coupled the *Houswifery* of the *Women*, and it were pity to part their good qualities, whose nastiness cannot better be described, than by directly opposing them against the *Dutch*, as the other extream; these being no less excessive in their exquisite *Slut-tery*, than the other in their over-nice cleanliness: and though both have a too fond opinion of their ways, yet, if I mistake not, these

Kerns

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Kernes have a much better conceit of their *Sordidness*, than the other of their over-nice *Curiosity*, which though perhaps is a fault in both, may be more excusable in the *Dutch* (as one says in the like case) the *Hollander* being indeed Proud of a *Mole-hill*; but the *Teague* of a *Dung-hill*; the place whereon most commonly the rank Weeds of *Pride* and *Arrogance* are aptest to grow. And how ill these two agree, *Pride* and *Powerty*, the *Proverb* will tell them. In this me-thinks they may be fitly compared to their own high *Mountains*, which have their *Heads* raised above the *Clouds*, and seem to wear the *Stars* for a *Coroner*; but yet are, indeed, no better *dightred*, than with a *dirty Bog* on the top, more deep and dangerous than the lowest Road in the *Valleys*.

Says one, 'I never yet found *Pride* in a Noble Nature, nor *Humility* in an unworthy Mind:

' it may seem strange to an inconfi-
 ' derate Eye, that such a poor
 ' *Violet Vertue* should ever dwell
 ' with *Honour*, and such an Aspi-
 ' ring fume as *Pride* should gene-
 ' rally sojourn with *baseness*: Whe-
 ' ther it be not so amongst the
 ' meaner Irish, I leave knowing Per-
 ' sons to judge. And sure I am, this
 ' *Pride* is their greatest *Enemy*; it
 ' makes them *unsociable* with the
 ' *English*, their mistaken and ambi-
 ' tious thoughts setting their words
 ' above themselves, and all others
 ' beneath them; makes them de-
 ' spise their *Amity* and *Ingenuity*, Dis-
 ' dain being writ upon their *Brow*,
 ' where one may read, *I am too good*
 ' *for thee*: This makes them idle in
 ' their *Ocupations*, careless to improve
 ' their *Knowledge*, and if some of
 ' them are Born to good Parts by
 ' *Nature*, they rarely add any thing
 ' by *Industry*: This makes them
 ' hug their old *Establisht* Customs, not
 ' because they are good, but because
 ' their

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their *Ancestors* formerly used them, and themselves have since practised them: In fine, this makes them chuse rather to want than to work, rather to steal than to want, and so rather run the hazard of the greatest Severity of the Law for such Offences, than to earn their Bread by honest Labour, and gain a livelihood with the sweat of their Brows.

Their *Dwellings* or *Cabans*, I should more exactly describe, if I durst have adventured oftner into them; or could have staid long enough to have Survey'd them at my being there; which I did once assay, but found it as hazardous almost, as *Orpheus* his descent into Hell, where there might be indeed a greater Fire, but not more *Smoke*, which thick Cloud in the midst of the Room did so blind me, and conceal the House, that I could scarce remember any thing, but my sore Eyes, when I came out again:
Should

Should they be as much troubled with that other woful Disease of Scalding Piles, as they are with Smoaky Houses, they might well upon each Door write, Lord have Mercy upon us, for certainly there cannot be a greater Plague.

As for the outward Structure, an English Cow-house hath more Architecture far, nay, my Lord Mayor's Dog-kennel is a Palace compared to them: and for sweetness, I have heard many affirm, that the foulest Corner about the Bear-garden is Musk and Amber to their sweetest Rooms.

The Walls are made of meer Mud, mixed with a little wet Straw, the Covering is Thatch; the Floor Earth; which, by reason of the constant Rains, is generally so damp, that they may be said to live over a Bog; and the Thatch so ill thrashed, that (by the sprouting of the left Corn, which often springs up green) it may be added, they live under a Meadow;

Meadow ; or (as a Person of Honour said of the like place, to which he most aptly compared the *Long, long, long Parliament*) they have green *Ears* over their *Heads*, and a false *Ground* under their *Feet*.

The *Beds* are upon such a firm Foundation, that nothing but an *Earthquake* can move them ; Instead of *Feathers* or *Flocks*, they use *Rushes* or *Straw*, which serves them without changing, till cast *Horse-litter* is a fragrant *Nosegay* to it, and *Jacob's* sweet Lodging on the fresh *Grass*, compared to it, is like the *Pleasure* of the *Marriage-Bed*.

Sheets they never provide, and to tell the *naked Truth*, unless they can purchase a poor *Cadow*, which is not often, they ligg together like *Adam* and *Eve* before the *Fall*, not a *Rag* to cover them, but themselves : which may be one reason why they so multiply ; for being,

being necessitated to keep together for warmth, they ingender as thick as *Fly-blows*, each little *Hutt* being as full of *Children*, as a *Conney-Burrough* in a well stock'd *Warren* is of *Rabbits*.

They seldom have any *Partitions* or several *Rooms*, but sleep in common with their *Swine* and *Poultry*: and for second or third *Story* you may look long enough e're you find any. *Windows* would discover their *Poverty* and *Slattery* too much, and a *Chimney* is reckoned as *superfluous* as a *Steeple* at a new tangled *Conventicle*: The *Door* which perhaps is as irregular and multiform as a new made *breach* in a *Wall*, serving both to let in the *Light*, and let out the *Smoak*; so that you may guess their abodes are pleasant and airy as a *Dungeon*, and unless they be compared to one another, each of them may very properly be called *None-such*.

Their

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Their *Women* generally are very little beholding to Nature for their *Beauty*, and less to *Art* : one may safely Swear they use no *Painting*, or such like *auxiliary* aids of *Ficusses*, being so averse to that kind of *Curiosity*, (tho' they have as much need thereof as any I ever yet beheld) that one would think they never had their faces *wash'd* but at their *Baptism*. To whom the perpetual *Snow* within *Doors*, and want of a *Bow-grace* without, does add such a tincture of *Complexion*, that a *Ploughman's* Sun-burnt *hand*, or a *Seaman's* weather-beaten *face*, is *Snow* and *Cream* to it : So that one need not fear much temptation, they being, indeed, meer *Scur-Crows*, and their *Physiognomies* such a defence, such a spell for their *Plackets*, such a refrigeratory 'gainst the flames of *Lust*, that in the *Day-light* they are secure from any violent attempt upon their *Chastity*, though in the *Night* they

they may pass *Musters*, and the
push of *Pike*, when *Joan* is as good
as my *Lady*.

Nonsense, *their* *Converse*, *kindness*,
Treachery;
Red hair, and *Louziness*, *their*
Letchery.

Their *Bodies* are of a tollerable
proportion, and to be born withal,
but then are they mounted on such
misshapen *Trussels* or *Supporters*, that
whenever any Man declines to try
the Pleasure of their *Embraces*, he will
be sure (as a witty Gentleman obser-
ved) to lay their *Legs aside*. Their
Breasts are excepted against by
some, for being of the same size
with their *Buttocks*: and their *Hands*
are so tann'd leather'd, that *Gloves*
were but thrown away upon them.

Amorous they are as *Doves*, but
not altogether so chaste as *Turtles*,
desiring as much to be *bitting*, and
very frequently bringing forth
Twins,

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Twins, as the others hatch young ones by *Parks*. There needs no great Ceremony or *Courtship*, for if they yield not at first *Summons* upon *Composition*, a slight attack wins the *Fortress*, and one may soon enter. These old *Texts* being *Orthodox* amongst them, *Touch and take*, *Laugh and lye down*, *Up and ride*, and so to the end of the *Chapter*.

It is affirmed by some, that of late, they did begin to drive this Trade for *Profit*, as well as *Pleasure*, and were grown so wary in their Bargains, that (like their own Country *Kine*) they would not give down one drop of their *Kindness* till they saw their *Golden Calf* within their reach. But on a design of *Marriage* they are less scrupulous or cautious, and so far from selling a *Pig in a Poke*, that it is not unusual for the *Man* to mount the *Beast*, before he binds the *Bargain*; so that 'tis no strange thing amongst them,

them, to make a *Maid* a *Whore* first, and then to make that *Whore* his *Wife* afterwards; like a *Sloven* that first makes a *Close-stool* of his own *Hat*, and then claps it upon his own *Head*. Thus rather than want *Horns*, they will have some of their own *graffing*, antidating themselves *Cuckolds*; and, having taught their *Wives* this Lesson so early, who can wonder if they practise it afterwards, a *new Cask* still retains a touch of its first *Seasoning*, and when once such young *Colts* find the *Gap of Liberty* set open, they will *frisk* out of the Bounds of all *Modesty*, and never leave running till they have brought their *Husbands* to *Cockolds-Point*.

The *Men*, as *Birds* of the same *Nest* and *Feather*, differ only in the *Sex*, not in their good *Humour* and *Conditions*. Withall, they are held to be in some measure more *Crafty* than might be expected; but not *Prudent*, nor *Honest*; *Credulous* and
 light

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light of belief, treacherous, sharking, and great List'ners after News, which may be imputed to their long unsettled Government, fearing always some Innovation, and eminent Change and Danger.

Notorious Thieves they are, and very Skillful at *Leger-de-main*, for which Trade both Nature and Fortune seem to have fitted them; For as they are miserably Poor, so they are more Impudent than a Court-Page, or an Italian *Cortezan*, and have made it a common Practice to enter into any House without the Civility of craving leave, or knocking at the Door; and being once in, they have no creaking Shoes to betray them, but either they wear Braags, a kind of thin Pumps, or else make so bold with Nature as to use their bare feet. If they spy any portable Prize, their Hands are like *Lime-twigs*, and the Prey shall hardly escape them; nor are they ever unprovi-
ded

ded of a *Cloak* or *Mantle* (large as a *Jesuite's Conscience*) to spread over their *Knavery*; And lastly, for Agility and *swiftness* of retreat, they may compare with *Mercury* himself, being ever in a running Posture, and always setting the best foot foremost.

Surely, of all People they are the least troubled with *Corns* upon their *Toes*, they walk so soundly; but amongst a thousand of their *Hands*, I do not think one Finger could be pickt out that were not tainted with an *Itch* after unlawful *Gain*, or infected with a *Felon*: for so much sweetness do they fancy in the relish of *Stolen-Goods*, that they have little *gusto* for any other.

It is an usual Saying, That a good Face needs no Band, and a bad one deserves none; which may be a reason why these are so ill accounted and negligent in their Apparel; tho' if the extreme Poverty of
the

the generality be consider'd (which yet proceeds from their own sloath, their Condition being much like *Job's* upon the *Dunghil*) we shall find more cause to pity, than wonder at them. Once a Year, perhaps, their *Stock* may swell to the purchase of a *frieze* Garment of a *brace of Two-pences the bundle*; higher it can hardly reach, whatever their Ambition prompt them to: a *coarse* out-side, indeed, yet most think it suteable enough to the *lining* within, for a *Loam Wall* deserves but a mean *Hanging*.

The *Females* have a *Head Attire* which they call *Kerchers*: amongst the better Sort it is made of *Linnen*, but seldom so white as a *Dutch-man's Sail*: whilst the common *Trulls* cannot possibly be any thing, but an old *Rag* turned out of other Service, or the flapper of a Month worn *Smock* reprieved from the *Wash-bowl*; and yet, as one said of the like *Sluttery*, the
poor

poor remnant looks as *briskly* as if it were promised for the next whole quarter to scape many a *scowring*.

Flesh-bags they may, some of them, have for the *Day*, but at *Night* they ever *uncase* themselves and *ligg* in the *woollen*, if their *Wits* can *gather* enough to cover them, otherwise they nuzzle together in *Litter* with the *Sow* and *Pigs*, being all of a *Family*: But their *Smocks* cannot properly be called *Changes*, for they seldom allow themselves more than *one*, till that be worn out, which is used till it be fit to be torn off their Backs for *touch* to light *Tobacco* as they sit in the *Fields*, as I have seen them do. Thus the *Smock* is at last turned into *Smoak*, having first struck fire in the *Devil's Tinder-box* the *Tobacco-Pipe*, which one wittily compares to the *Passion of Love*, thus:

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*So fares it with an Amorous De-
fire;*

*The more 'tis kiss'd, the more 'tis
set on fire.*

Dancing is much in request a-
mongst them; after their rude way,
which is much like the *Drunken
Bacchanals* of old: Their chief De-
light is called the *Trot*, and it is
not named improperly, for not on-
ly *Bones's Horse* was an absolute
Maître to them; and the heaviest
Mare that ever trotted Man's Dag-
ger out of its Sheath, went more
regular and smoothly; but it hath
likewise so many *Horse-tricks* in it,
that 'tis much fitter for the *Stable*,
than any decent *Hall*; or *Dining-
Room*.

The *Jews Trump* is their com-
mon *Musick*; to whose Melody they
will *bubble* till the *labour* makes
them send forth a *Hair-gout* as
little pleasing as their *Tunes*: but
if

If they can attain to a *Harp* or *Bag-Pipe*, O then they will Dance out of all *Measure* ! add to this their *Tatter-demallion Dress*, and no *Antimasque* of *Rag-a-Muffians* was ever like them : Their *Petticoats*, if any, are of as many several *Colours* as a *Tailor's* fundamental *Cushion* ; to which the *Waistcoat* is the fittest match that can be, and cross their *Shoulders* a *Linnen shroud* of the same hue of a *Winding sheet* after some *Years* burial. *Shoes* are above their *Price*, neither are *Broags* a *Purchase* for every one ; No, they stand more upon their *Feet* than *so*, and for *Stockings* they have a very cheap and durable *Mode*, one *Pair* lasting their whole *Pilgrimage*, and those no other than of *Nature's* *Existing*, which sit close, and so tite, it saves the labour of *Gar'ring* ; having no great fault, but their too much *Calf*.

Complements are as seldom used amongst them, as the *Common-*

Prayers amongst the Non-Con; you might as soon teach an *Elephant* to cut a *Caper*, as bring one of them to make a handsom *Leg*: Such *Block-heads* have they, that 'tis a trouble to them to pull off their *Hats*; which done, shall be seconded with a Speech containing less *sence* and *reason* than that of *Balaam's Ass*; and to be sure must either be *usher'd* in, or out, with a *Ry Chreesht* and *St. Patrick*, or an *Elegant-Curse*, or two: But for this Nonsense perhaps their *Noses* are to be condemn'd, who (especially in *Ulster*) when they *suckle* their young *Babes*, if they chance to have a *Cold* in their *Heads*, seldom or never *wipe* their *Noses*, but *suck* them with their *Mouths* so *hard*, that, as one observed, 'tis very probable that they *suck* out all their *Brains*, and leave them for ever after empty *Skull'd*. I wonder, said one, to an Irishman, *that being Thirty Years of Age, and having*

travel'd through the best Part of the World, you should be so great a Fool still. That's no wonder, replies another. But the greater wonder is, that there should be a whole Kingdom of such Fools.

Shirts are no less out of date amongst the Teagues than Surplices with the Dissenters, so that one may guess what poor shift they make to keep their Bodies sweet: and may not this be one reason why they so much dread to hear one break wind at the Postern? The intolerable stinkiness that must needs lye lurking in their unlined Breeches, adding a stench beyond the Devil's Pomander: otherwise they do not appear so over-nice and curious, nor would they contradict the Proverb, That Every mans Tayl smells sweet in his own Nose: Neither would they let fly so often above-board, for they will belch as loud as Pot-guns, and as often as a Lover in absence breathes his amorous Sighs: But

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add to the rest the straitness of their Breeches, called *Trowzes*, which sit as close as a Jealous Wife to her Husband's *Tayl*, and you need not wonder at their backward *Modesty*.

Some count them naturally *besizable*, but if they are so, it is after such an ill-favour'd manner, that 'tis like the giving an *Alms* in a nasty *Glove*, which *Necessity* may make welcome, but the greatest *Charity* cannot account *Decent*.

Bonny Clabber and *Malabar* alias *Sour Milk*, and *Cheak Cheese*, with a *Dish* of *Potatoes* boiled, is their general *Entertainment*, to which add an *Oat-cake*, and it compleats their *Bill of Fare*, unless they intend to shew their excessive *Prodigality*, and tempt your *Appetite* with a *Dozen* of *Eggs* extraordinary, which many times, instead of being new-laid, prove like over-ridden *Wenches*, either *ratten*, or else having a young *Chick* in the belly of 'em. After this, comes *Tobacco*, which

which you must either take in Smoak, or Snuff, if you will be good Company, while they sit chewing it with as much eagerness and desire, as the longing great-bellied Woman did bite at the fat Man's Breech. And for a close to all this Treat (*a la Grandezza*) the Mistress shall produce her *Moor-ness* of *sevre Milk*, and having strip up her sleeve to the Shoulder, she thrusts up to the Arm-pits, and stirring the Curds at the bottom with her Hands; she then presents you with the *Wiquor*, and if you like it, you may fill your Belly with her kindness till you are satisfied.

I have heard it affirmed also, by knowing Persons in this Country, that in some Parts of it, they have a way of making a *Soupe*, beyond all the *French Potrages* in *Vogue*; the way is thus, A *Dame* of the better sort, having had the good Fortune to boil a piece of very fat *Pork*, till a great part of it is run
about B 4 into

into an Oil swimming on the top, she strips off her *Smock*, dips it therein till it has soaked up all the Grease; then puts it on her Body, and so wears it some days to *smoothen* her *Skin*, and supple her *Joints*; now if afterwards there be occasion, and no store of other Provision about the *Cabban*, off comes this *anointed* Garment agen, which being boiled in clear Water, and a little *Oatmeal*, and a small *Faggot* of Herbs; the melted Fat, and those other Ingredients will be converted into a most *lavoury* Mess of *Irish-Smock-broath*, and then 'tis done in a *Dish*.

Sure, they learned this in some Besieged City, like *Sanferre*, or *London-Derry*, near starved, where like the Parboil'd *Shoes* and *Hydes*, it might afford some *relish*, but they that can digest this abominable *Sluttry*, not provoked or sharpened by *Famine*, need never stay their Stomachs till the Skie falls, for
such

such Dainties, as a Dish of *Larks*. Sure, where the *Devil* sent these *Cooks*, he must also send them *Customers*, or they may eat it all themselves.

But let me not forget their *Butter*, made up with so much filth and *Hair*, it looks like the *Lime* we prepare to Plaister our *Walls* withal, which being beaten up into as rude a shape as a Spanish Piece of *Eight*, if eaten without Sindging, or not melted and strained, you shall run as great hazard, as one that would swallow the *Burr* of an over-grown *Artichoke* without *Butter*, or a pickled *Rope* without *Sauce*: Hence one may easily guess the difference betwixt this and the Dutch *Butter-box*, the one cutting like Spanish *Marmalad*, the other like untried *Kitchen-stuff*, and having as rank an odour as a *Carrier's Summer trotters*. If they had the *Wit* to put the *Hair* in one Dish and the *Butter* in another a-

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part : it might be in a Man's choice to take or leave as he pleased ; but they are so order'd, you must eat both or none.

And, that their *Bread* may be suitable to their *Butter*, and so stick the closer together, the Women grind their Corn on a Stone placed betwixt their naked Thighs upon the Ground (in the very same posture as they Churn their Cream). Their *Mills* having this Advantage over others, that they are equally supplied both with *Wind* and *Water* at the same instant.

Drinking is not so much their Vice, as some of their Neighbouring Nations, unless their so excessive *Smoking* be reckoned in, to which both the *Men* and *Women* are so generally addicted ; yea, the very *Children* too, that an *Infant* of their breeding, shall take more delight in handling a *Tobacco-Pipe* than a *Rattle*, and will sooner learn

learn to make use of it, than another shall of it's *Sucking-bottle*. Surely, this *Indian* *Went* is a very *Witch*, and they have this resemblance, that both of them are very masty and ugly.

The *Liquor* they palate best, when they venture at a *Debauch*, is *Uguabough*, a kind of exceeding strong *Aqua-vie*, which though esteemed as *Liquor of Life*, yet it does sometimes leave them *Dead-Drunk* upon the *Spot*.

In their *Souse* they are peevish and haughty, but not stout; for I have seen one resolute *Stranger* make a whole *Berry* of them, lick up the foul *Language* they had vomited in his presence, and by drawing a little *Blood* from one, all the rest have been fainting; which shews that the *Potion* heats only their *Brain* and *Tongue*, but leaves the *Heart* cold as before, and does them this *Prejudice*, that it brings them many times into a *Souse*, but

but cannot bring them out again with any credit, or honour.

For daring *Valour*, or true heat of *Courage* was never yet the *Crime* laid to their charge. And though *Wars* has often been given to them; yet I wonder when it was that they were so given to *War* as *Solinus* affirms, that the *Mother* at the Birth of a *Son*, gave the Child the first piece of *Flesh* it ever tasted upon the point of her Husband's *Sword*, using many stout *Imprecations*, wishing that it might live and die no otherwise than by the *Sword*. But since, it seems, that *Sword* by the Iron teeth of *Time*, has been eaten away into a *Skeyne* only, like that of Captain *Bessus* into a *Dagger*: for take them all along both in the time of *Oliver*, and these present *Combustions*; and you will find that never Men sneak'd themselves so unworthily out of their *Interests* as they have done, witness the late *Siege* of *London-derry*,

derry, where a small *Town*, a *Garri-son* of *unexperienced* and *unprovi-
ded* People; a *Gown-man* for their *Governor*, withstood the whole force
of their *Royal-Army*, headed by old
foreign *Generals*: who notwith-
standing their *regular* Approaches,
their *threatning Bombs*, and all o-
ther Arts of *Military* Stratagems,
were at length forced to retire, and
would have fain shuffled all away,
if those of *Inniskilling* had not so
rudely saluted and stopt many of
them, *en passant*, which the *Mon-
sieurs* of their Party think to be so
very uncivil towards those that had
been sent so far to give them a *vi-
sit*, that it's believed, if ever any
of them can recover their own
Country again, they will hardly
return into *Ireland*; since they un-
derstand Complement no better, or
use such rugged Ceremonies to those
that have been bred more *Courtier-
like*. So that if we consider the
meer *Irish*, it seems these poor Da-
stards

stards have not so much as the very ruins of Valour left in them, to reach forth to Posterity any sign that they are the lawful Descendants of those valiant Ancestors, and courageous *Amazons* mentioned by *Solinus*.

It is an Irish Observation (and a notable one too) that whenever two Armies meet in Battle, the one must run, for both cannot conquer, and since one must give way, why not at the beginning before much Bloodshed, rather than after too many lives are lost; and since one of them must, or generally does run, who fitter to run than they whom Nature has provided with better Legs to run, than Hands or Heads to fight; therefore they commonly do run, and run sometimes, lest some Wound in their Legs should hinder their nimble Retreat: This made an old experienced Officer (who knew the way of the reasoning of these Brutes) cause.

cause some Regiments of Dragoons to march on foot up towards their more numerous Army, with Boots on, whom when the Irish beheld, they straightway concluded that those English men being booted, would not, or could not run, and since one Party must go off at last, it must needs be themselves, and therefore they discreetly ran all away immediately.

Or if ever they do fight, they do it more courageously upon any other *Turf*, than their own; for there, as abovesaid, their *Heels* do ever do them more Service than their *Hands* (which profess themselves utter Enemies of all Industry) and if they recover a *Bog*, *St. Patrick* then hugs them in the bosom of his safest Protection.

Bloody they are when they can overpower, and do it securely, and this is an Effect of their base Cowardise, (for that and Pride and Cruelty are Curs of the same Litter)

witness

witness their execrable *Butcheries* and *Massacres* of our poor unwary and unarmed *Country-folks*, their *Burning* and *Destroying* of *Towns*, which hath lain upon them so heavy ever since, that what *Cause* soever they manage, hath but ill *success*; and what *Friends* soever engages for them, have and shall still suffer the more *deeply* for being on that *side*.

A *Stiff-necked* Generation they cannot be called, they lay them down so readily to every *Yoke*, as if they were born to *Servitude*, and so we find them inclined to have been indifferently under their own *Countrymen*, or under their *old Friends* the *Spaniards* in former times, and their new *Friends* the *French* at present, if the *English* should not prevent it. Therefore are they the less to be *pitied*, because by them there is no greater *Liberty expected*, or much desired and struggled for by them.

Some

Some *few Places* they have which may be of good Strength, but those general Buildings they call *Castles*, wherein some better sort of *Teagues* do dwell, are indeed no other than meer *Prisons*, where every Apartment is but a different *Dungeon*; and though they were intended for places of *Defence*, not for Pleasure, or *Oeconomical* convenience; yet whoever surveys them with a skilful Eye, does meet with such strange Irregularities and Transgressions against both the Ancient and Modern Rules of Fortification, as will soon make him conclude it was their great *Fear* and little *Wit*, or Judgment, that was chief *Ingenier*; so that they may more properly be called *Block-houses*, in honour of those *Dull-heads* that Founded them.

And as they shewed but little Ingenuity in their contrivance that raised them; so their *Heirs* have hitherto (and I believe will hereafter)

after) shew less Courage in Defending them, who though they may have lofty Towers, yet having but groveling Spirits, tho' they have strong Walls, yet having but weak Hearts, tho' they have Care and Fear enough to Man a Fort; (which are said to be the most circumspect and wary Sentinels) yet having so little brave Resolution to back them withal, they will scarce prove so good a Guard as the Geese were to the Capital, for they are said to have preserved that place, whereas these have often already, (and I dare affirm, will often hereafter) surrender and fly, at first Summons, without so much as hissing or gagging.

And as these Castle-houses are but rough-hewn on the outside, so are they yet more homely within, their general Furniture is scarce worth the mention, and such as have the best, do marshal it after such an indecent manner, that it lies in as great

great disorder as a Tavern after a
Midnight's revelling Debauch, or a
Bawdy-house after a fray.

The middle sort of People, had
formerly many more of these sort
of Dens, but in the long Parliament's
time an infinite number were de-
stroyed, or so defaced, they now
look like the remnant of a London-
Gustard, that has been assaulted at
a City Feast, with much Violence
and Stomach.

I do not hereby design any thing
of the true Gentry, or Nobility, a-
mongst whom there are Persons of
as great Valour, as fair Estates, as
good Literature and Breeding, and
as Eminent Vertues as in any of the
most Polite Countries: And of these
some have as Pompous Titles as
any Men upon Earth, to wit, a
Duke of Ormond, or the Golden
World; Earl of Tormond, or two
Worlds; and of Desmond, or ten
Worlds, as if one World were too
little for them: whilst the Commons
are

are contented with the meanest Titles, and least Proportion that can be imagined of one poor dirty corner of this World.

But to return to our first *Post*: Their *Language* seems to be very ancient, indeed, being almost worn quite out of *Date*, scarce known in any other Country, and not generally used in their own: To a Foreigner it sounds so unpleasant, that it rather *grates* than *tickles* the *Ear*, and seems fitter to *conjure* than converse in. Withal, they use such a *whining* tone, and speak so precipitately, that considering their Garb and Posture, you would think they had been newly stript of their little All; and were now hastily and earnestly craving your Relief and Charity for a fresh Supply.

Nor are they more grave or demure in their *Pace*; but frisk it about the Streets, so Post-horse like, as if a *Bailiff* pursued them, or some fiercer *Devil* drove them.

Yet.

Yet at their work they are on the other hand, so *slow* and *deliberate* (Digging, Ploughing, Thrashing, &c. with their Cloaks upon their Backs, and wasting so much of their time in *Smoaking* and *Prating*) that it is usual to hire Four of these *Lubbers* to dispatch the same daily Proportion of Work, as is performed by one *Industrious English-bird*; which would be very chargeable, did they not humbly submit to accept of much lesser Wages, which they take good care not to over-earn, lest they should surfeit themselves, or wear out their precious *Limbs* too soon; and either want more Business, or the Strength to go thorow with it next day.

Some *Historians* do speak them to be very *tender* and careful of their *Young* ones: but wherein that tenderness consists, is not readily to be found out. For their *Food* is not in the least degree better than they allow their *Pigs*, *Bonny-reure* for the Summer,

mer, and *Potato-roots* in *Winter* are their choicest Dainties: and then for their *Cloathing*, it is yet coarser; of a whole *Child* the third part is scarce cover'd with *Woollen*; nor so much *Linnen* to be seen amongst a whole *Trope* as would make a *Quakers* falling-band, or furnish an ordinary Box with *Tinder*, they being for the most part as naked as a young *Ladies* Neck in the *Dog-days*; or the *Bird* in the Fable strip of its borrowed Plumes; so that unless their *Apiss* hugging them in their Arms, or carrying them on their *Backs* can make it out, I cannot.

And when they are grown up, their *Education* is suitable to the rest of their *Care*: For I have known many other People take more pains to teach a *Parrot*, or to train a *Spaniel*, than they do to instruct their *Children*; and perhaps have brought them to more dexterity of *Understanding*, and *Ingeniunity*: *Writing*

is a rarity, and *Reading* would be utterly laid aside, were it not of great and important consequence when they are allowed the Benefit of their *Clergy* in a *Neck-verse*. And how much the want of *Educ-ation* sets them beneath a Learned and *Polite* People, may be found out in the first Hours conversation with either of them.

But however careless they be of the *Living*, they are mightily concerned for the *Dead*, having a Custom, (which sure they borrowed from the *Egyptians*) of *howling* when they carry any one to Burial, and *screaming* over their *Graves*, not like other *Christians*, but like People without *Hope*: and sooner than this shall be omitted, they do hire a whole *Herd* of these *Crocod-ils* to accompany the *Corps*, who with their counterfeit *Tears* and *Sighs*, and confused *Clamour* and *Noise*, do seem heartily to bemoan the departed Friend, though all this

is with no more concern and reality, than an Actor on the Theatre for the feigned Death of his *Dearest* in a *Tragedy*. Instead of a *Funeral Oration*, they bawl out these or the like querulous Lamentations, *O bone ! O bone ! Dear Foy, why did thou die and leave us ? Hadst thou not Pigs and a Potato Garden ? Hadst thou not some Sheep and a Cow, Mulaban and Oat-cake, and good Usquebaugh to comfort thy heart, and put Mirth upon thy Friends ? Then, wherefore wouldst thou leave this good World, and thy poor Wife and Children ? O bone ! O bone ! with much more such stuff ; to all which, Dear Foy, lending but a deaf Ear, sleeps on till Doomesday by St. Patrick, while home they go to *Drink*, and drown the present *Sorrow* ; till the Melancholly fit comes upon them afresh, and the *Melodious Harp*, or *Bag-Pipe* is out of the way, and then they resort to the *Grave*, and bedew*

dew it with *Tears as big as Turnips*, repeating and howling their *O bones* with as much deep Sence and Sorrow as before.

They have many other extravagant Customs daily practised at their *Weddings* and *Christnings*, all which would be worth describing, did we know the *Original* Institution, and true Signification of them, but this they either conceal, or do not now well understand.

Having occasion once to go to a *Country Town* of no small note, I chanced to wander into the midst of the *Market-place*, yet could not find where the *Town* stood; I saw indeed, several heaps of Rubbish which look'd like *Dungbills* cover'd over with weather-beaten *Straw*, and imagin'd, they were, or might be Peopled with *Swine*, but could not possibly guess them the *Habitations* of any *Human Race*, unless there should be extant a *Generation of Pigmies*; but upon inquiry and
C further

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further search, these were the Dwel-
lings of the *Teaguelanders* them-
selves, so low, one would have ima-
gined an *Earthquake* had unmercif-
cally swallow'd the Buildings, all
but the very *Cook-lofts*; the Policy
being, as I after learned, to prevent
any Enemy that should come to
quarter upon them, and make *Stam-
bles* for their *Horses* of their *Diving-
Rooms* or *Bed-Chambers*, which now
they defie them to do, unless the
humble Beasts could creep in upon
their *knees*, and sit down at their
Mangers as themselves are ever for-
ced to do within Doors.

Some of their Chief *Cities* are tol-
lerably good, but most of them
more Populous than Rich (*Dublin*
excepted) for though they are
thronged like *Hives*, yet being for
the most part *Drainers*, they rather
diminish than encrease their *Stock*;
so that were it not for the Industri-
ous *English* and Strangers amongst
them, I am persuaded in process
of

of time, they wou'd let it all run into its original wildness, and live either like Canibals upon one another; or like their Native Wolves, (from whom they are now but one degree removed in point of Industry and Humanity) upon the next Prey they could light on, tho' of their nearest Blood, rather than take the least honest pains to provide better for themselves, or their wretched Progeny.

But certainly were more of our laborious English, or some of our Active and Industrious Neighbours planted there, and once in the quiet Possession of that Island, they would soon turn their Rags into Riches; their Corn and Cattle into Coin, and make them more famous for their Plenty and Abundance, than they are now despicable for their Want and Scarcity of Cash, and Courage.

One Privilege, indeed, they have to boast of above most other Coun-

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tries; which is, that they are free from Venomous Creatures (as *England* is from Ravenous) which we may believe to be a Natural Antipathy, like that of the Islands *Cyprus*, and *Guernzey*; Tho' they will needs attribute it to their Miracle-monger *St. Patrick*, who, (as their Tradition goes) did one day Summon them all together on the top of an high and large Hill, called *Cruich Phadrick*, or *St. Patrick's Mount*; where having by irresistable Conjuraton assembled them, he, by his powerful Invocation called for Fire from Heaven, which came down, and consumed them: To which part of the Legend, some have added (with as much probability of truth) That the great Croud of Irish Witnesses whom the good Saint had brought with him to see this feat, and bear testimony of it, finding he had so good interest and familiarity with God Almighty to obtain what he but asked for,

for, desired him forthwith to make a second Petition, that Heaven would send down a plentiful Shower of Gold and Silver to cure them of their Poverty, and make them as opulent as the richest Nations: But he angrily replied, That God would work no Miracles to gratifie their Covetousness; That he had already given them a large Country, which they were to Cultivate and Improve, and that their honest Labour would bring them in a sufficient Stock of Wealth, &c. and therefore if they were not enough satisfied with this great Blessing so freely conferred, but continued to murmur, and tempt God too far, perhaps he might for their unthankfulness and sordid Desires, turn it into a Curse again, to their perpetual Punishment. But they still importuning him, he at last made a second Essay, not Petitioning for Gold or Silver, but that God would send down what he knew to be fittest for that Generation.

tion. Which word he no sooner had pronounced, but there arose a great and furious Whirlwind, which blew and dispersed the Ashes of those Poisonous Creatures over all the whole Country, and the same being forthwith converted all into *Lice*, they have for ever since continued a most Nasty and Lowzy Generation, and could never find a Cure, or remove this Epidemical, Egyptian Bosome-plague, so close it yet sticks to them.

A most excellent Country it is for a young Traveller to be first seasoned in, for let him but once taste of their Entertainment and Usage, and I dare undertake he shall love all the rest of the World much better ever after) (except *Scotland*.)

A certain Portion of the County of *Galloway* is very well worth observation; for in a considerable extent thereof, Nature affords 'em neither Water enough to drown 'em,

Wood enough to Hang 'em, nor Earth enough to Bury 'em; and yet 'tis very well Inhabited: Now what sort of Creatures, unless a race of Spanish Gennets, that are said to engender by the Wind, or a brood of Cameleons that feed upon Air, can subsist where three of the most necessary Elements are so scarce, I leave *Odysseus* to judge.

Friendly they are in outward appearance and Promises, and upon ordinary Occasions one may make use of them: But at a pinch, or time of extraordinary trial, if you lean too hard, they prove but broken Reeds, and not only fail to support, but often wound the hand that resteth on their brittle Faith.

Of this they have given so many eminent and recent Examples, that the whole World is witness of the Truth of the Assertion: For at the Battle of the *Boyne*, where our victorious Hero King *William* set upon them under all the Circumstances of

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Disadvantage, except his Matchless Courage; how basely did they sneak away whilst their foreign Friends made a tollerable (tho' short) resistance; and tho' they had Vowed by *Creesht and by St. Patrick to stand by them, and look their Enemies in the fauce, till Death was put upon them*: yet they all upon a little firing turn'd tail in an instant, and disappeared with such Agillity, that Thousands of them seemed to out-flee the very Shot that were sent after them, and out-ran the nimblest Horsemen that pursued them; leaving their best Officers, and such as had any Valour, to make what retreat and shift they could, without the least regard or assistance on their part.

Since which, in all their Winter Skirmishes, their petit Assaults upon Gentlemens Houses, their Rapperie Stratagems, and Bogg-Plots, they have shewed so much Cruelty, (where ever they could surprize
any

any unarmed Men, or Women and Children) and so little Courage upon any slight resistance, that it demonstrates them to be more bloody than Tygers, and at the same time, more timorous than Hares: But there is now fair hopes the greatest Crew of that cursed Generation will be utterly extirpated, either by Martial-Law, which hath already Hanged them up as thick as Rabbits by Couples in a Poulterer's Shop, or Vermin in a Warren. Or by transplanting them into some other Country so far distant, that their very Name and Ignominious Memory may be lost to all the civilized World.

A second most remarkable instance we gather from their Behaviour at the Action of *Atblone*, (to omit *Mullingar*, &c.) where in a Town most regularly Fortified, well Provided, and fully Garrison'd, an Army Encamped within sight to Relieve and Support them, com-

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manded by a fierce and bloody French General (most famous for His Hangman-like Exploits, and Butcherly Infamies) besides a dangerous Ford to be passed in the very teeth of their great and small Shot: Notwithstanding all these Obstructions, a small Party of English Granadiers marching thorow the Water on foot, and following their brave Commanders with loud Shouts of Joy (as it were going on-ly in Triumph to the Breach they attacked) they no sooner saw them set foot on shoar, and cast their Hand Granadoes into their Works, but they modestly withdrew, and as many as conveniently could, retreated at the Irish rate from the other End of the Town towards the frenchified Camp, when meeting with some Detachments of Horse approaching to assist them, They told them they might spare the labour, for the Enemy had forced their way in thorow *Fire and Water,*

ter, and would not be persuaded to stay their coming; therefore who could be so fool-hardy, as to contend with, or oppose such desperate and wilful Men; upon which they were convinced in it to be safer to retire than advance, and so turned back again to the Tune of a running Jigg, not staying for any word of Command, nor the Commanders themselves, whom they left to the Enemies mercy, according to the right *Tedgush Faith* and *Gallantry*.

Now what hopes the French Devil of a *St. Ruth* could Build upon this boggy Foundation of Irish Magnanimity and Fidelity to their new King *Lewis d'Or*, is hard to guess, unless he believed that, for his former noble Service in the Dragooning the Hereticks in *France*, with so much Zeal for the Catholic Cause, he might be rewarded with the Crown of Romish Martyrdom in *Ireland*, and admitted
into

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into the Popish Kalendar for his abetting of *St. Patrick's* Quarrel. Tho' I wish he do not find it true that the Title and Denomination he bare of *St. Ruth* here, has by the weight of his horrid Crimes sunk him down to be dignified of Satan below, and Entred into the Muster Roll of *Pluto's* Black Guard of Dragoons, as his highest Reward, and fittest for his blood-thirsty Genius.

It is reported of the Germans, and some other war-like People, that when they come within sight and hearing of the Enemy, being drawn up in Battalia, and almost ready to Engage, they draw out their broad Swords, and each with a Whetstone, they carry for that purpose, falls to work to set a keen Edge on his Weapon, with so much eagerness and noise, that it begets no little terrour in the listening Foe, and Proclaims with what undaunted Resolution they prepare to Assault them. Whereas the *Teigs* do only gaze

gaze about to see what Wood or Bog lies nearest, and can best shelter or favour them in their Retreat, or, perhaps by greazing their *Broags*, and anointing their *Joints*, make ready for a more speedy Flight; then throwing down their Arms, and trusting solely to their Legs, dare not so much as once look back, but leave the Devil to take the hindmost.

Blindly obedient *Children* they are to the Pope of *Rome* their *Holy Father*, and to the Church of *Rome* their *Gawdy-Mother*; yet so grossly ignorant in all Matters of Religion, that the History of *Tom Thumb* being read to them, has passed current for the Legend of one of their famous Saints, and believed to be as true as Gospel; and if any improbability, nay, impossibility lyes in their way, name but *St. Patrick* for Voucher, and they shall swallow as many Prodigious Untruths, as would choak the Credulity of the

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the most illiterate *Heathens* alive.

Ask many of them, What was the Name of the most Blessed Virgin *Mary*, and tis ten to one, but they'll answer, it was *Jane*, or *Susan*, and that *St. Patrick* was her *Godfather*; and to any the like Question, they will furnish you with the like Answer, &c. So that if Ignorance be the true Mother of Devotion; the City of *Rome* it self cannot produce such Devout *Catholics* as these *Teigs*; and therefore it's pity but they should be transplanted into the Territories of *Holy Church*, as being the most submissive Members thereof.

Much more might be said, but I have raked long enough in this *Dunghil of Ireland*, and shall add no more, but that it is,

A Land which does no venom'd Beast disclose,

Yet she breeds Men more Venomous than those,

Men,

Men, who in Cruelty are so sub-
 lime,
 It shows it is their Nature; as their
 Crime;
 Yet, when Our Hero's Landing they
 did bear,
 Their Guilt, tho' vast, did scarce
 transcend their Fear:

Which at the Boyne, his Victory
 made good,
 And wrote Heaven's Justice on them
 in their Blood.

Which since repeated by his Gene-
 ral's Sword,
 Th' Oppressors punish'd, and th'
 oppress'd restor'd.

Impartial Reader,

To evince I have not branded
 the Commonalty of the Irish Nation
 with Cowardice either out of Igno-
 rance, or Spleen: or that meer ill
 Fortune, or any odd Accidents of
 War, hath been the occasion of their
 late

late ill Successes (which many times hath befallen the bravest of Men :) I have, to make good my *Character* of them, added hereunto a true Account of their Behaviour in the beginning of the Former War, in the Time of the Long Parliament, wherein you shall find them described in lively colours to be the same timorous Animals I have declared, as will appear by this Irish Monthly Mercury Printed at Cork, at the same time the Things were Transacted : Which Matters of *Fact*, were never contradicted by themselves, of the *Irish Nation*, nor by any other *Advocate* for them. The *Reflections* therein contained, may be excused, if the *Reader* but duly considers in what *Times* it was written.

The annexed *Poem*, being a *Land Voyage*; is inserted, only to describe the *Nature* of that *Climate*, most subject to frequent and prodigious Floods of *Rain*, &c.

The

The last is a *Fragment* of a larger *Poem* to *His Majesty*, which containing a short *Character* of *England*; was thought proper enough to be joyned hereunto.

Which with the *Irish Epigram*, serves to Conclude this *Trifle*.

I

The

III

*The Irish**Monthly Mercury.*

I.

blades)
Brave C..... (and his valiant
 Who bath conquer'd Kingdoms
 (Three,
 And made the War the best of Trades,
 And made it like to be.

I L.

His Actions 'tis I do intend
T^o expose unto your View ;
Therefore no Muse I need to Friend,
Nor ought, but to speak true.

III.

Jockey's Defeat makes all the Earth
Abundantly to know him ;
His Fame yet finds a second Birth
From Zam, and Gira, and Ohim.

IV.

O would he keep but his Command
For one Half-file of
I'd lose my Head he'd clear the Land
Of base Feigs, and Bog-trotters.

It is but just that the People
should have News for their Mo-
ney, and that they should hear as
well as feel the Effects of their Taxes:
the Committees have so perfectly
performed the last, that if I do but
the first as well, I may as much
Merit a share in their Gain, as they
deserve a Punishment for making
any.

But

But because I undertake the English Armies progress, I will run over briefly those principal Occurrences which happen'd before I could come to the conveniency of a Press, and henceforth Monthly deduce you all things in as Set a Form, as the Common-Prayer or Mass-Book.

Not long after the Sally at *Dublin*, which the Enemy out of Modesty call the *Battel of Ramines*, the Lord Lieutenant landed at *Dublin* with an Army so nourisht in Victory, that they never saw any Defeats, but those they gave their Enemies. The first Design they undertook, was the gaining of *Tredagh*, in which the Noble O.... had placed above Three Thousand of his select Men, and Sir A.... A.... for Commander, one as unable to stand to it, as to run away : and it may be that's the reason he fell in the Service, doubtless he was better for a Retreat, since every step he would make a *balt*. In a word, if the

the rule be true of judging *Hercules* by his Foot, one may conclude this a wooden Governour. Yet he had made so good Earthen Fortifications, that by trusting to his Works, he shewed what Religion he was of. Their first Retrenchment against us, was the Church, out of which they were soon dislodged; And I dare say, 'twas the first time they ever went from Church unwillingly. This being done too, by some Ordinance of Parliament, 'tis not unlikely, the grave Presbyterians, (if ever the Assembly come into play agen) may question their Proceeding, and aver we have a mind our Enemies should still continue Papists, by so pregnantly evincing there was no Salvation for them in our Church. At length the breach being found assaultable (more from the Event than the largeness of it) our Army were so little Courtiers, as to enter the Town, without so much as knocking

knocking at the Gate, where all lost their lives but those that saved them: Of the first qualification there were about Three Thousand; of the latter Thirty, be it more or less.

Whilst this was doing, *Inchequin*, to divert, but it proved to increase our success, assaulted the *Naus*, a Town fortified like *Ferico*, after the Battery of the *Rams-horns*, from whence he drew off with a Flea in's Ear, confessing in his Heart, that Providence was a better Engineer than *Al...*, and concluding the Spanish fashion was the best, which is to leave a Town when one cannot take it.

Doubtless the Sympathetick Operation is not meerly Notional; for we find, that though there wanted a *Medium* to hand and convey the Enemies fears from *Tredagh* to *Thom* and *Dundalk*; yet by Sympathetick working, those in the two last specified Garrisons abandoned them

them as soon as we had the first, and thereby gave us no trouble in the taking them, but that we took nothing in them.

The Army, after a short breathing at *Dublin*, march'd with some Cannon to *Washford*; a thing (to those that know the way) as hard to be believed as performed; and indured more to seek Danger, than others could to avoid it. *Washford* is the *Dunkirk* of *Ireland*, and a place only famous for being infamous: This also the Army took by Storm; but a few were spared, and but a few put to the Sword, for the *Divine Justice* manifested itself to be what it is, in making those who had ruined many by the *Sea*, to be ruined in it. 'Tis a frequent rule with Heaven, to evidence the Sin in the Punishment: near Two Thousand of those *Otters* were drowned; which was generally esteemed a Misfortune, but only because there were no more drowned.

From

From *Washford* the Army march'd to *Ros Pontis*, so called, (as I take it) because it never had a Bridge. The place was soon yielded; and tho' the dispute was short, the Foe made a shift to lose Five hundred Men; who being all English, fought stoutly for the time, and gave us ten times the work of so many Irish. This was the dearest Siege we undertook; for it cost ever since as much Money as will Pay half a Thousand of Men.

Certainly that Axiom in Philosophy is true, that all things have a natural Appetite to rejoyne with that part of it self from which it hath violently been divided. This was demonstrated by the English surprisal of the City of *Cork*, and reintegrating themselves into their own Nation. Sir R. S. Knight, &c. was Governour there, who little dream'd of losing his Command, and yet found he had lost it when he wak'd: one may truly say he was taken

taken napping: But I must acknowledge, to extenuate his misfortune, that he was divested of his Government in the dark, and by consequence could not see to prevent it. Sure this *Major General* lost his way into that Office, and was as much surprized at his having got that Employment, as we were to see him in it. His Ignorance was so great, it past for his Religion; for never any that saw him draw up the Army, but concluded he relied on Providence for the Victory, he made so little use of the means for the obtaining of it. He has now done that too, which he never did to his Regiment, I mean Exercised; and the word of Command is, *As you were*; that is, reduced to his Primitive Existence, which affords him the Stoicks Motto, *Omnia mea mecum Porto*. This makes me that I believe he will think these last Eight Years to be a Dream, and that he was never

D

really

really wak'd out of it, but when these rude Fellows of Cork presum'd to do it.

There was besides in Cork, the Right Reverend Father the——: And tho' he were immediately commanded to leave the Town, yet, in spight of the Officers Noses, he did his *BUSINESS* first, nay carried it away with him too. This is a Man of so Unfortunate a Behaviour, that he left an ill Odour behind him, both amongst his Friends and Enemies: yet thereby he rendred one Branch of the Covenant unperformable, as to his particular; for though he were a Limb of the Hierarchy, yet it was impossible to take him *CLEAN* away.

The General being assured of the Declaration of Cork, to improve that Success, sent away Col. P— for *Munster*, with Five hundred Foot in a Fleet, that took another whilst the first was weighing Anchor; but as these Forces were

Monthly Mercury. XI

were Sailing by *Dungarvan*, News was brought them, that *Toghal* had declared too, which made them Land there. In a short time, as one Shoulder of Mutton draws down another, so one Town did the like unto another, whereby in less than a Fortnight, the Parliament recovered their former Interest in that *Province*, and with as little Blood, as they had lost it.

By this O—— and *Owen Roe O Neale* had shook hands, the General hoping they would think themselves strong enough to be beaten, (for he desired no higher certainty of the Victory than to come to the Battle) march'd over the *Barro*, upon a Bridge which floated, but he soon found the Enemy did so too, and that tho' they wanted valour it self, yet they had the best part of it discretion, or like Unfortunate Gamblers, they would stake away their *Rest*, and never *Play* for it.

But *J*— who no man can say hath been Unactive, tho' it were only for the often changing of his *Party*, with near Three thousand Horse and Foot, went to encounter a small *Party* of ours, being but a handful, coming from *Dublin*, he took them tired Cap-a-pe, yet they gave him so rude a Salute, for a Gentleman that came so far to meet them; that he took their usage so much to heart, as he Vowed he would never be guilty of the like Civility agen: In a word, he did nothing considerable, but that he did nothing that was so, neither can I think any thing in his defence, for his Retreat, but that he is dear to his Mistress, and consequently believes she will value him the more, for taking such care to preserve what she loved.

Our Army being over the *Barro*, and the Enemies not so much as attempting to send them back, those of *Inesteg* believing it was out of
Comple-

Complement ; to imitate their Superiours, quitted to us that Quarter, and the Magistrate of the Town of *Carrick*, loth that any should transcend him in Civility, received Col. R— into his Corporation ; nay, though the Colonel had been so unkind as to give him no Advertisement of his Visit, till he was within the Walls : Col. R— who is so just as to take the intention for the Act, and who was convinced, that had they known of his coming, they would have been better provided for him, told the Inhabitants, *It was better as it was.*

The General by the benefit of this place, Fords over the River of *Shoore*, and advanceth towards *Waterford*, but the Foe not daring to relieve it by force, endeavour it by Diverſion, and at Noon-day stormed *Carrick*, but the Gallant Englishman, that had the Courage to take it, had also the Valour to defend it, and having increased the Romish

Martyrs by a Recruit of Three or Four hundred, the rest very wisely concluded there would be then no room for any more of them in the Holy Muster-Roll, and so adjourned their Martyrdom till a convenient Opportunity; all the Honour they got by the Attempt, was that they durst make it.

But though we had thus happily overcome hitherto all Enemies we had encountred, yet one was soon sent us that plainly worsted us, which was the Extremity of the Weather, that permitted not our Ships (wherein was our Bread and Artillery) to continue any longer in the Road, nor us in the Field; So that the Second of this Month we drew off from near *Waterford* (having first taken and garrisoned the Fort of *Passage* in the way to Harbour) but in Weather so sad, that our marching away in it could not fill the Town with more Joy. The Fourth, the Army did march by *Dungarvan*,

van; which the day before had turned Honest. There it was that Lieutenant-General Jo— fell Sick, and in Seven days died, a Loss which countervails almost all our Victories, and which merits as many Tears as the very Clouds have shed of late; he was a Person of whom I should give you a low Character, if I thought I could give you his. In brief, he was a Person to be known Negatively, which was the way, the best Pen chose to describe the best place.

The General having past the *Black-water*, made *Yoghul* his Head-Quarter, where he received Intelligence the Eleventh of this Instant, that Lieutenant-General P—, intending to make a *Boe-peep* War of it, had drawn out of *Waterford* Two thousand Horse and Foot, and was set down before the Fort of *Passage*; he therefore immediately Commanded away gallant Col S— with about One hundred and eighty

Horse, and as many Foot and Dragoons; he ordered his Business so well, that he routed the *Teigs*, kill'd and took Six hundred, without the loss of one Man on our side: Heaven knowing that we wanted Men, as much as Success, did therefore give us the last, and preserved the first. The Prisoners consisted of *Irish Vulsters*, and *English-Irish Vulsters*, for so I make bold to term the Fuzees, and if I be not mistaken, they will make bold to deserve that Name. There, too, was taken *Wo—*, one who commanded *Duncannon*, and who there pray'd God to keep him from the General's Mercy; I believe his Pray'r will be granted, for he shall receive his Justice, for by the Rules of Gradation he must now serve the Gallows, they admit but of three Stories, nor can his changes admit of more; his first Masters (since he left the English Service) were the *Fockies*, his second the *Teigs*;

Teigs ; now, if any can find a Superlative, to that Positive and Comparative, but the Gibbet, I wish that may not prove *Mr. Wo——'s* Fate.

These *Vulsters* now taken are as near *Fockies* in condition, as in Country, a People too, that hate their own Country, as much as the Original *Covenanters* do theirs, and with as much cause : They are both like Fountains, always running from whence they Spring ; me-thinks 'twere not amiss those Barbarians should be sent after their General *O. R——* who died about a Month since ; and yet upon better thoughts that would prove no Punishment, for it would but confine them eternally from returning home ; 'twere better make an *Irish-Tweed*, or a *Pict-wall*, and keep them on the North side of it.

The General having ordered these Savages to be convoyed to *Cork*, went thither himself the Fifteenth

teenth; and whereas other Corporations make their *Mouth* tell their *Joy*, this made their *Looks* do it, in which I believe he saw their *Hearts*; I cannot for the credit of the Place, but let the World know, there was too a Speech made by an old Inhabitant of the City; I must confess I cannot do him the right to relate his words, but I must do him this right, that I believe they pleas'd the General well, for they made him laugh heartily.

The Twentieth, the beforementioned *Vulsters* came to Town, a Crew of such things as admits not of any Comparison, but amongst the residue of their Country-men; what the dull P— (who hath not Wit enough to be a Secretary) cast upon the Army, might have been seen in this Epitomy of the Enemies, I mean *naked Adamites* for want of Cloathing, *Cowardly Quakers*, &c. But yet 'tis strange they are such docile Creatures, that upon only a bare Motion

Motion of the Marshal General, they had all like to have gone to Church; some merry Fellows were about to move the General, that the Clergy of this Province who are now Reform'd (I mean not in their Lives, but Livings) should have this new Congregation for their Parishioners; and truly 'twere not amiss, for it's thought they are as like to convert them as any others: Oh, would that Clergy but keep as far from Sin, as they use to do from their Texts, or as they are like to do from their Tythes.

Some transcendent Losses we have had by the Death of some of our bravest Officers cut off by the Distemper of the Country: but to sweeten this Cup, we understand for certain, that the Lord President of Connaught hath taken Colerane by Storm, and hath so settled the Irish and Scotch Garrison in it, that they are never like to march out of it again. We hear further he hath agreed

greed for the Surrender of *Karick-vergus*, if it be not relieved in six Weeks time ; and though some believe the Garrison have taken so long a time, in hope of Relief from their Country, yet I believe 'tis only to keep so long out of it.

Sir *H. W*— too, the Nineteenth of this Month, Landed with a Regiment of Foot clad in a Livery, which I believe their Swords will wear next Spring : There are besides several other Ships come from the *West*, from *Milford*, from *Bristol*, and from *London*, with *Provisions*, *Money*, *Men*, *Artillery*, &c.

*Thus Seas and Winds and Men, do
all make Leagues,
To act the Ruine of the filthy
Teagues.*

Ended the 21th of *Decemb.* 1649.

Printed at *Cork*.

A.

LAND VOYAGE,
IN
IRELAND.

*After a Breakfast the last Sunday's
Eve,
By the Sun's Rise, the Blarney we
did leave ;
Who at his getting up, so smil'd and
laugh'd,
As if he'd drink the Clouds for's
Mornings Draught ;
But yet, alas, we had not gone a
League,
When the false Weather turn'd di-
rectly Teige ;*

And

*And the Wind, too, unkindly turned
South,*

*And blew i'th' Teeth of those had
some i'th' Mouth.*

*Of those had none; so that Betty
th' unfair*

*Spite of all Wants had suffer'd, if
then there.*

*The Rain power'd down so fast,
'twas too well known,*

*The Clouds were then, not troubled
with the Stone.*

*This did so greatly raise a little Brook,
That we did fear our Way we had
mistook;*

*For 'twas so deep, that a Ship might
have then*

*Floated, tho' laden with Committec-
Men.*

*Which Danger when we found, we
did begin*

*To wish each Hand and Foot had
been a Finn*

*(got o're,
At length, by Land and Water, we
And had no sooner reach'd the Pagan
shore,*

But

But a bold Teige, e're we could look
about,
Swore he would wet our Inside, as
our Out.

With that he brought a Flagon, but
so greasie,
That had my Boots been half so much,
with ease I
The Water had kept out; which we
did fear
Much less, then to let in his smaller
Beer:

Beer, of which many ill things might
be se'd, (DEAD.
Were 't not unfit to speak ill of the
Yet thus much of it I dare boldly say,
Tho' weak, it quickly drove us all
away.

But That, you'l say, was not much
for it's fame,
Since that the Water, had near done
the same.

Having our Potion drunk, we held
it fit

To Pay, though Drinking we had
Paid for it:

Perhaps

84 *A Land Voyage*

*Perhaps the Entertainer thought the
same :*

*Fer, when but Money only we did
name,*

*He took't so ill, that clearly I do think,
Nothing could be worse taken, but
his Drink.*

*Our Host, at length, a little satis-
fy'd,*

*Yet more than we, our Beasts we
did bestride,*

*And switch and spur, a foot pace rid
away,*

*Unto the place where Captain Rud-
dock lay :*

*But wet so Cap-a-pee, that where we
stood,*

*We almost there did raise a second
Flood,*

*Which made the half-drown'd Garri-
son desire*

*(retire ;
That we this marching Deluge won'd
Nay some of them stuck not to say*

*aloud,
We were not Men, but a dissolving
Cloud.*

Such

Such were our droppings, that if they
had bin

Tears of Repentance we had drown'd
our Sin.

Our half-becalmed Steeds we then
did lash-on,

Till at the length we came to Balli-
glashon;

But some, as I thought, went with
an ill will on,

Tho' that the Quarters were of Cap-
tain Dillon.

But there my Wat'ry Friends grew
quickly merry,

Finding the Foord there turn'd into a
Ferry;

Hoping that we no further could
go on;

But ended there our Navigation.

I scorn'd so poor a thought, and
therefore got

A reeling Charon, so a reeling Cott.

It was a Miracle we were not
sunk,

Since that the Boat, and Boatman
both were drunk.

Had,

86 *A Land Voyage*

Had, but the first as full of Liquor
bin,

As the last was, nought could have
made it swim.

That Axiom we did then Experiment,
That nothing's weighty in its Element;
Else we had there miscarried without
doubt,

By Charon's wet within, and ours
without.

But of George Dillon three Steeds
I did borrow,

Which I made bold, the Water to
swim thorow.

Our Train we left there, and those
three that went on,

Were I, my Servant Gibbs, and
Maurice Fenton.

So lean those Gennets were, that I
their Ribs

Could see, as plainly, as I could see
Gibbs:

And to speak true, the best Beast that
we were on,

Was both by Sire and Dam, a down-
right Garron.

As

As for their mettle, you must think
it rare,
When nought about them but their
hair did stare.
Their outside, tho' 'twere harsh, yet
sure they be
The civil'st Creatures I did ever
see;
For, without lying, it might well be
se'd,
To every thing they bow'd both knee
and head,
Chiefly my own, which made me
strongly fear
I then did ride on an Idolater;
At least, if it be lawful so to say
Of one who unto Stones doth Kneel
and Pray.
And when he stumbled, you might
then as soon
Have hindred Fate, as him, from
falling down. (Spit
But yet so wanton, that between each
And Stride, he ever Incest would
commit.

88 *A Land Voyage*

Maurice his Steed oft put him into
fright

Of justly losing the Name of white
Knight.

The Horse too that my Man was
mounted on,

Was by his Master called Choridon.

Which gallant Name did cost the poor
Fate dear;

It made him both Gibbs and the
Cloak-bag bear;

Which forc'd the proud Getulian so
to puff,

That we at first did think he took't
in snuff.

And therefore, for to right him I was
minded,

Which doing, I soon found him broken-
winded.

And that he shew'd, too, in so big
a form,

I wondred crossing Styx, he rais'd no
Storm.

This real truth, as soon as I did find
We voted Gibbs still for to ride be-

hind.

Which

Which tho we had not, here 'tis to
be noted,

The Beast himself had done, what we
had voted :

So that when mettle in our Steeds
did fail,

That want was helpt by his obliging
Gale.

But now I end, lest some might
truly say,

The Story is as tedious as the Way.
At length, with hazard both of Life
and Lim,

By Candle-light Macroome we en-
tered in ;

So dirty, that even as much Rain agen,
Could with much difficulty make us
clean.

Our Horses too, as those that saw
them say,

Appear'd like moving Statues made
of Clay ;

And tho' alive, did seem the self-
same Earth,

From whence at first they did derive
their Birth.

We

90 *A Land Voyage, &c.*

*We were no sooner lighted, but
we there
Did offer up, many a Curse, and
Pray'r;
The first, a greater sure we could not
give,
Was that our Horses as they were
might live;
And the last was, They might
be rid by those
Who were our Private, and the
Publick Foes.*

A
P O E M

To His Sacred Majesty

King *William.*

ALL things, as at the first, in Chaos
lay

Till You appear'd, and did the Scepter sway;
And as that Chaos vanish'd at a Word,
So ours did by Your Conduct and Your
Sword:

Your Sword which like Achilles Lance
has found

The Power to Cure, as quickly as to Wound.

To You a double benefit we owe,

Y' have tam'd our Foes, and our own Mad-
ness too.

Like to Bethesda's-Pool this Nations
Weal,

Till it was troubled, had not Pow'r to
Heal.

By

By such great Actings, You so chang'd
th' extream,
That Israel-like, we are as those who
Dream :

Our past, and now condition, does express,
What English-men could bear, or should
Possess.

High Blessings from Your Pow'r our
Land enjoys,
Yet like the Sun, You cherish without
Noise.

Some Mischiefs did with more Disturbance
fall,

Than You have made in Curing of them all.

As lingring Chymists pant twixt fear
and hope,

While their last Wealth exhales in fire and
Smoke.

Watch when their Phenix, to their longing
eyes,

With Golden-Wings will from the Ashes
rise :

So midst the ruin both of Church and State,
Almost despairing, did three Nations wait,

For You, our grand Restorer, who alone
Have rais'd our fortune, rising to the

Throne:

Enrich'd us with more real treasures gain
Than greedy Chymists labour for in vain;

They in thick mists of smoak are still mislead,
Our Gold's exalted, fix'd upon Your Head.

Whilst

Whilst this oppress'd Country did chide
 fit,
 Under a load of Sufferings to lie,
 With Patience : You at distance, did but
 mourn
 For wrongs, which You to indicate were
 shown.
 But when those wrongs in such vast shows
 did fall
 That this grieved Country to Your Sword
 did call ;
 Th' Oppressors soon found, they could not
 withstand
 Vengeance when ripe, and paid by such a
 hand.
 As we behold, at the first hint of day,
 A beauteous glimpse, while yet the infant
 Ray
 Of the rising Sun but just appears in sight,
 Then, by degrees, a fairer stock of light,
 With burnish'd beams adorns four lofty hills.
 And after, the whole wide world with glory
 fills.
 So You approach'd, first, with lowly
 Grace,
 Which soon dark Clouds of guilt and sin
 did chase ;
 Then some bright rays of favour did
 fall,
 On choicest worthies, now diffusing all
 Your Splendour doth appear to every part,
 In Noon-tide lustre, and full Majesty :

Your Beams both light and cherish, they impart

Joy to the sight, and comfort to the heart.

Nay such Your Influence is, without controul,

It sheds Religion's Blessings on the Soul;

Whereby Your Sovereignty is so encreast,

You have a Throne in every Honest breast,

Whilst Pow'r and Mercy, have to You assign'd

Dominion both on Body, and on Mind.

And tho' some Enemies against You bring

Your Lineage not so high, as former Kings:

Yet Your own Glories do so brightly shine

You need not the old lustre of Your Line:

For more that Honour's valued by the Good,

Which is deriv'd from Merit, than from Blood.

And tis a more transcendent Vertue far,

A Crown to Merit, than a Crown to wear.

And you the Royal Throne so well adorn,

The Wise soon priz'd, what only Fools did scorn:

A Throne which even the Envious confess,

Our Safety urg'd Your Courage to possess.

One Crown, some judg'd too much, while yet mistak'd,

Now there's too mean for Your Illustrious Head,

Which,

Which, tho' Imperial, less to You appear,
In value, than the Olive Wreath You'll
wear.

Your warlike Sword cuts out our way to
Peace,

The Stubborn quell'd, the rest shall live at
Ease,

And 'twill be just in all to own that we
From Your great Conquests gain our Li-
bertie;

An Emblem how God his Elect receives,
First he Subdues, then Liberty he gives.

Those sunk in bondage, You to freedom lift,
The Noblest giver, and the Noblest gift:

How were you born to give all Europe
Ease,

And quickly, too, almost by Miracles:

At home our restless Spirits You have
aw'd;

Now Your great Courage Summons You
abroad,

Ireland and Scotland, to Your Empire
bow,

And by their Union, we shall stronger grow;

For none to break our quiet will be found:

Now all our Arrow's in one Sheaf are
bound:

Which has so fram'd this Empire to en-
dure,

We need but have Wise Foes to be secure,

Secure so highly, as to be exempt

Not from their Conquest only, but Attempt.

Our fierce Divisions made Your Valour
 Known,
 But more Your Wisdom shines, which makes
 us one;
 Nor could Success more for the Conquer'd
 do,
 Than by Your bounty they are rais'd unto:
 From an Aspiring foreign Tyrant freed,
 The guiltless safe shall live, the Guilty
 bleed.

Nay that fell Monster, who with so much
 Pain
 Had strove to bind all Europe in his
 Chains,
 Begins to shrink and hide, when You
 appear,
 And finds a stop to his swift Carriere.
 His boasted Fleets which threatened late
 our Shoar,
 Now Soules, and bravely dares approach to
 no more.

Oh Your oppressed Princes loudly call,
 And jointly make You their great General;
 Upon Your Conduct all their hopes rely,
 Your Sword's the Arbiter of Victory,
 Guided by Heav'n, the haughty to pluck
 down,
 And with firm Peace, restore to each his
 own.

For Your just thoughts do only take a
 Care,
 To end, and to prevent a tedious War.

Therein.

Therein the Noblest Conquest we shall find,
 When You place bounds, unto Your vaster
 Mind:
 And to Your sharpest Foes, it is made
 known,
 You have more ways to Conquer them
 than one:

Swords in rough Fetters may Men's Bodies
 bind,

But Mercy only does subdue the Mind.
 Thus You'll not only famous be in War,
 But Peace shall spread Your Name, at least,
 as far.

A Prince thus worthy, sure deserves to be
 The Supreme of the World's best Monarchie;
 And that our own is such where You bear
 sway,

I shall repeat, from what best Poets say,
 Our little English Paradise, is stor'd
 With all conspiring Elements afford
 To make a Country happy; Here we have
 All that our Health, or sober Pleasures
 crave;

And if we greater Riches do desire,
 Than what more frugal Nature does re-
 quire,

Industrious Navigators search abroad
 And in our Ports the costliest Freights un-
 load,

Gems of high fancied Value, richest Wines,
 Ripe Spices, and the Gold of India's
 Mines.

Stuffs from Luxurious Persia are sent,
 And pleasant Fruits, from every continent.
 Thus with the Waves, Plenty upon us
 flows;

And what the Soil denies, the Sea be-
 flows.

For Prudent Nature nothing here denies,
 But what's superfluous; which our Trade
 supplies.

And what those Foreigners will not af-
 ford

In Traffick, we can Purchase by the Sword;
 So that whatever useful is, or rare,
 Nature presents us, or an easy War.

Our Air streamp'nt we have no shady Groves
 much need, in Summer; nor in Winter
 Snows:

For such a clement Heaven this Isle does
 bless

We are seldom torch'd, or feel the Frost
 excess,

Which makes in Love's best Climate, and
 affords.

Beasts, which are resistless to our Swords,

That Race of Horses, which our Land
 does breed,

Are justly famed for strength, and shape,
 and speed,

On whom when once their Valiant Riders

Can but shun the Barrier, or defeat.

Our Meadows are so fresh still to the
 Eye,
 As if each Morn spread its new Tapis-
 try:
 Whilst other Countries scorch'd with un-
 kind Heat,
 When they a Dew are in their seasoner,
 In a few days they then appear to be
 Clow'd, & our with England's old cast Li-
 very
 For our compar'd, they faintly green ap-
 pear,
 Like whiter & Mantles of a former year:
 Ours being wash'd in gentle show'rs and
 brush'd
 With flaming Gales, whilst theirs are soot'd
 in Dust.
 Our Herds are large as the Armenian
 Breed,
 And numerous as the Flow'rs, whereon they
 feed;
 Yet are our Hills most stor'd with the in-
 crease
 Of our white fruitful Flocks, which num-
 berless
 As large a Summer Garment do bestow
 Upon the Hills, as Winter does of Snow:
 Which shorn the Natives for their Pomp
 soon get
 Dyed in more colours, than the flowers
 they eat.

Then from those Hills, we such a prospect
 Of Corn, Life's chief support, in Valleys
 lye,

As if the Clouds drop all their fatness there;
 Or this Isle in its Golden-Age yet were;
 Each fruitful Field's like those, the sacred
 lays
 Of God's own Poet did vouchsafe to Praise,
 Which he with joyful Musick did adorn,
 And made them seem to Sing and Laugh
 with Corn.

Nature, to us such lofty Treas hath given,
 Their Proud tops farther seem from Earth
 than Heaven;

Whose stardy Armes so vastly they do stretch,
 As if the falling Meteors they would
 catch;

In bulk so great, that when a few are
 fell'd,

To their great Lord, a numerous Fleet they
 yield.

And tho, at Home, they cover little Land,
 Yet, when once Launch'd, the Ocean they
 command:

Make our Dominions large, impose a Law
 To all on Seas, and keep the World in
 awe:

Whilst Neptune, as his Tribute, every
 Day

Huge shoals of Fish, his currant Coyn does
 Pay.

Which

Which when our Neighbours lay upon our
Shore,
Proclaim their Wants, our Charity, and
Store.

Our Rivers, too, such Trade and Plen-
ty yields,
That they appear as fertile as our Fields.
Our Ancient Horts in Vineyards we de-
cline,
Apples and Pears presenting us with
Wine.

More of this Queen of Isles, I well
might sing,
And who should Rule is then, but our brave
King
Tis the World's choicest Gift, and being
such,

As Wonder cannot celebrate too much,
And You a Wonder too, 'twas therefore

Mean Spirits should yield, and You should
Govern.

William the Brave, May then Your War-
like hand,
Pluck down all Tyrants, and Preserve this
Land,

From Gallick Treachery : May no black
Cloud

Eclipse Your Virtues with a sullen Shroud.
May you, as th' Sun in Joshua's time, repeat
Your lengthned Hours, stand long fix'd in
Your Seat :

And

And when You leave this for a higher
Sphere,
Set here in Peace, and Rise in Glory
there.

An Irish Epigram.

A Friend that in my Thoughts holds
no small room,
Asking his silly Nose-suck'd Irish Groom,
If he had dress'd his Horse? (but you
must note

It was when Horses use to shed their
Coat)

Nil Meister, he replies, *Me take a care,*
For dat, left off, *Me Curry all de hair.*

How, smiles the well-pleas'd Owner, This
is fine

Curry his Coat, or I shall Curry thine.

Epigram.

Epigram.

ONe wondring at an *Irish Teig*, who
spake
Much *Non-sence*; and did every thing
Mistake:
And tho' he long had liv'd in th' English
Court,
Was for no *Bus'ness* fit, and scarce for
Sport.

The Wonder's not, says one, there's
some such Tools,
But that there's half a Kingdom of
such Fools.

F I N I S.
